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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. EMMA STUART.

BY COATES-KINNEY.

Oh! the voices of the crickets,

Chirping sad along the lea, Are the very tears of music Unto melancholy me; And the katydid's response

Up among the locust leaves. Make my spirit very lonesome On these pensive autumn eves. For they mind me, Emma Stuart, Of the bygone, blessed times,

When our heartheats paired together Like sweet syllables in rhymes Ere the faith of love was broken, And our locked hands fell apart And the vanity of promise Left a void in either heart

Art thou happy, Emma Stuart? I again may happy be Nevermore: the autumn insects In the grass, and on the tree Crying as for very forrow At the coming of the frost, Are to me love's fallen angels, Wailing for their heaven lost

Often, often, Emma Staart, On such solemn nights as this, Have we sat and mused together Of the perfectness of bliss-Of the hope that lit the darkness Of the future with its ray, Which was like a star in heaven, Beautiful, but far away!

By the gateway, where the locust Of the moonlight made eclipse, And the river-ripple sounded Like the murmur of sweet lips. There a little maiden waited, Telling all the moments o'er-Emma Stuart! Emma Stuart! Waits the maiden there no more

No! ah no! Along the pathway Grows the high, untrampled grass, Where the cricket stops to listen For thy wonted feet to pass; But thy footsteps, Emma Stuart, Press no more the doorway stone Trip no more along the pathway-And the cricket sings alone.

It is very mournful musing, On such solemn nights as this, Of the perfectness of bliss : Love's green grave between us, Emms Even not to know each other In the Loveland far away

Princeton, Illinois. For the National Era

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.] GREENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA

Belfast, September 18, 1852. MY DEAR F-: On the 27th of August, left Dublin, with my kind English friends, for a short tour in the beautiful county of Wick low. We discarded the car, and travelled quite luxuriously in an easy carriage, open, but shutable at will, with a pair of fine horses, and a driver of staid and respectable demeanor, and personal appearance slightly suggestive of the

elder Weller. We set forth on a lovely morning, and soon found ourselves in a country of great natural beauty, and, as compared with Southern Ireland, in a fine state of cultivation. Our first visit was to "the Dargle," a dark, romantic glen, containing a swift, silvery mountain stream, and a beautiful waterfall. It is not wild enough for grandeur—a part of Lord Powerscourt's demesne, it has too well-kept an air—but it is a pretty, picturesque, and picnic-ish place. We spent an hour or two very de-

lightfully, wandering through its cool quietude

and sun-dropped shades."
Our next visit was to the Vale of Avoca, immortalized by Moore, in his song of "The Meeting of the Waters." I looked in vain, in the little streams Avonmore and Avonbeg, in their wedding at Castle Howard, and in their subsequent two-in-oneness, their slow, sedate, matri-monial on-flow, as the Avoca, for that "purest of crystal" which gleams in the song-the these waters, and this valley's "brightest of green" is surpassed by the verdancy of the ronantic tourist who comes hither hoping to befelt a deeper pleasure in seeing the poor countrymen of the poet earning an honest livelihood by mining in those beautiful hills—rude avo-cation for the "Sweet Vale of Avoca"—than I ould have known in the perfect realization of

such places as particularly struck his fancy. The desire to send his fame down to posterity with this waterfall, certainly does honor to his taste; for surely I never saw, in any cascade, a more enchanting combination of grandeur and grace. The glen itself, lying deep and dark between two mountain ridges, is a wild, grand, and lonely place, which art has not yet profaned, nor "custom staled."

On the second day of our tour, we visited perhaps the most wonderful place in Ireland— the Valley of the Seven Churches" or the ancient city of Glendalough. Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as "the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities;" and it surely is the haunt of shadows and the abode of mysteries. Between black, rocky, barren mountains, in a narrow, gloomy valley, containing two dark and almost fathomless lakes, are the ruins of a city, founded early in the sixth century, by St. Kevin, a most holy and potent personage, second only to St. Patrick in the pious and popular legends of this country. In addition to the ruins of the Seven Churches, built on a singularly diminutive scale, and in a rude style of archive. architecture, there are the sepulchres of the ancient kings and church dignitaries, and, most curious of all, one of those mysterious round towers, the origin and purpose of which has so long constituted one of the knottiest of antiqua-

The almost deathly quiet, the oppressive loneliness, the strange, deep, unearthly gloom of this mouldering city of the dead, are things to be felt in all their melancholy, wild, and weirdlike power, but which could scarce be pictured by the death and mould scarce be

of eager applicants, in the person of George Wynder, a wild, picturesque, long-bearded fel-low, who proved to be very much of a charac-ter, and

giant, Fin MacCool, and the royal O'Tooles. We first embarked with him on the upper lake, for the purpose of visiting "St. Kevin's This is a low, narrow cell, hewn in the solid rock, some thirty feet above the water, and only reached by a difficult and somewhat perilous piece of climbing. This dreary moun-tain eyrie of the eccentric saint is said to pos-

sess peculiar blessedness for the faithful, to hold certain potent charms for, and to bestow certain inestimable privileges upon, such de-vout dames as make to it pious pilgrimages, which, from its almost inaccessible position, can only be accomplished in fear and trembling. It may be that the saint displayed, at the last, this especial graciousness toward our sex, in reparation for the slight he put upon it in the most ungallant, yet most renowned act of his life. Legends tell that St. Kevin, then a young and handsome man, fashioned this rocky retreat as a hiding place from a very singular persecution, in the form of most loving and pressing attentions from a beautiful young lady, by the name of Kathleen—. The last name is not known—St. Kevin declining to divulge it, from motives of delicacy, probably—but she is acknowledged to have be-longed to one of the first families. Yet her conduct was scarcely in accordance with the rules of strict feminine decerum, for she regularly offered herself to his saintship; though, as our guide charitably remarked, "may be 'twas in lape year she did that same, poor craythur!"
At all events, she made "young Kevin" the
tender and tempting proffer of her hand and

song, beginning-"By that lake whose gloomy shore Skylark never warbles o'er,"

heart-the first, as a priest he could not, the

he congratulated himself that he was at last quite out of the reach of his fair follower and tender tormentor. But Miss Kathleen, who seems to have been an enterprising young woman, with a courage and spirit worthy better cause and a better reward, followed him, even here; and one fine morning, when he awoke, he found her bending over him, weeping, and fixing on his face "eyes of most un-

"Ab, your saints have cruel hearts; Sternly from his bed he starts, And, with rude, repulsive shock, Hurls her from the beetling rock

But, according to our guide, "the saint, as he lay there on his back, coolly put his two feet agin Kathleen's breast, and, without as much as a 'by your leave, my lady,' kicked her into the lake." On visiting the scene of the tragedy, the latter strikes one as decidedly the most probable version of the story. The saint could hardly have had room to "start" from "his bed"—he must have crawled into his narrow quarters, and Kathleen must have stood at the entrance, from whence he could scarcely have thrust her into the lake, without taking at least a ducking himself, in any but the very ungentlemanly manner referred to. Our guide told us that an adventurous Scotch

Our guide told us that an adventurous Scotch earl lately took a fancy to spend the night in this holy bed, with his young son. Though wrapped in the ample folds of a soft, warm plaid, his lordship got no sleep—being kept awake, not by the drear solemnity, the awful lengthess of the surrounding scene—not by the lengthess of the surrounding sce

names of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Tom Moore, Maria Edgeworth, and Walter Scott. Gerald Griffin, the author of "The Collegi-

ans," has told the story of Kathleen and St Kevin, in a poem of much power and beauty It leaves Moore's ballad far behind, and is cu rious and admirable as giving to the character of Kathleen true maiden purity, and a sweet, childlike innocence, and yet winning your full absolution for that most incivil sin of her drowning-the "deep damnation of her kicking off"-by showing that the cruel act was one of momentary frenzy, brought on by a long and fearful struggle between human love and priestly vows and saintly aspirations.

After visiting the beautiful waterfall of I lanos, we took a reluctant and lingering leave ness-that still and lonely haunt of melancholy and monastic memories—that ruined shrine of learning—that desolated burial-place of monarchs—that old, old city of a forgotten and recordless past—Glendalough. Its picture must ever hang apart in my remembrance, deep in cloud and shade, "grand, gloomy, and pecu-

On the morning of the third day of our tour we early left the charming country inn where we had spent the night, and drove over a magnificent mountain road to Lough Bray, and the country seat of Sir Philip Crampton, on its shores, where we were engaged to spend the remainder of the day.

I would, my dear F-, that I could give you even a faint idea of the glorious scenery we beheld along our way on that most beautiful morning—mountain, valley, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls, around and beneath us—above us a delicious summer heaven, intensely bluin the zenith, but darkened with drifting clouds about the mountain-tops, every now and then melting down upon us in a brief, bright shower, every drop chased by a sunbeam as it fell. But the climax and crowning of the wild scenery hold a picture of entrancing loveliness, which on our way, and the keen enjoyment of the was "all in the eye" of the melodist. The morning, was the sight of Lough Bray, a lonely morning, was the sight of Lough Bray, a lonely current of the Avoca is evidently discolored by the copper mines, worked on its banks, most in by high heathery hills, rocky and preciping the copper mines, worked on its banks, most in by high heathery hills, rocky and preciping the copper mines. unpoetic and unlooked for adjuncts to that tous—the entire scene, with the exception of scene of enchantment." Yet, believe me, I Crampton, retaining its primeval wildness, grandeur, and desolateness. The tasteful owner of this haunt of sounding mountain airs and solemn shadows, has rescued, or rather created, from the boggy hill-side, the ground for his gardens, lawns, and fir plantations—causing those dreary desert places to rejoice in leafy luxuriance, and "blossom as the rose." The loneliness of the lake is relieved by flocks of We next explored "The Devil's Glen," up to its beautiful cascade. His Satanic majesty seems to have been a sort of surveyor general of Ireland, at some remote poriod, and to have indulged his vanity by giving his name to all the property of the lake is relieved by flocks of tame water fowl, especially petted and protected by Sir Philip, and by a number of those beautiful and stately creatures, the swans. A beautiful and stately creatures, the swans. A beautiful and stately creatures, the swans. A beautiful and stately creatures, the swans a rare delight to me, from a peculiar, deep, low, melodic surge of its waves—caused, it is said, by its great depth, and the rocky steepness of its

To describe all the out-door picturesqueness and grandeur of this beautiful mountain retreat, were indeed difficult : but to do justice in words to its in-door attractions, to the gener ous warmth of our welcome, to the courteous and varied entertainment, which charmed and winged alike the hours of sunshine and shower, were quite impossible. Irish hospitality is the heartiest and most graceful in the world, and Sir Philip Crampton's is the soul of Irish hos-

following day set out for the Giant's Causeway The places and objects of most interest along our route, were the ancient towns of Drogheda and Dundalk—fortunate, flourishing Belfast, with its most beautiful bay—Carrickfurgus and Glenarm, with their fine old castles-and the town of Larne, memorable as the place where Edward Bruce landed, in 1315—and, above all, Edward Bruce landed, in 1315—and, above all, Fair Head. Much of the scenery of the coast road from Carrickfurgus to the Causeway is grand and beautiful beyond description; but all fades fast from your memory, for the time, when you reach the crowning beauty and sub-limity of all—the wonder of wonders—the Causeway. My dear F—, I pray your pardon, if here, feeling that discretion is the better part of valor, I ingloriously shrink from an effort which I fear would inevitably result in failure. I dare not attempt to describe the

mantic and historic interest, and of most fear- requested permission to correct his remark. feet broad, and nearly a hundred feet deep, which is crossed by a bridge only eighteen inches wide. One should have a steady brain to leave the table. be high. I came very near going over, before a strong blast from Boreas, who sprang up from the chasm, like an ambushed foe, to dispute the pass with me. The guide told.

young lady was lately taken off in this way, y a sudden gust of wind, but was so buoyed p by an umbrella she held in her hand, and Temperance!" exclaimed the other, dashing. young lady was lately taken off in this way, w her long, full skirts, that she reached the at the word, the whole contents of the goblet ground lightly and safely. A Bloomer costume would have fearfully lessened her chances.

We returned to Belfast in time to attend the

eetings of the British Association. The Lord Lieutenant, a fine-looking, elegant man, was present, on the first day, with Lady Eglinton, a handsome, stately woman. Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, attended regularly. He is strikingly like Napoleon, but stouter and darker, I should say. I was most impressed by the manner and presence of Dr. Robinson of Ar-magh. Archbishop Whately, Rear Admiral Sir John Ross, Sir David Brewster, and Lord Ross, of philosophic and telescopic renown. The United States had, I believe, but one representative-Professor Fowler, of Massachusetts.

I regret that I cannot give you a fuller and worthier report of the appearance and proceedlast, as a saint he dared not, accept; so he took safety in flight, and scooped out that hollow in the steep rock, by the lonely lake, where, according to Moore, in his beautiful ngs of the illustrious savans of the noble Britsh Association; but I am unfortunately hurried, and the subject is hardly in my line.

The United Kingdom is in mourning at this time, for the Duke of Wellington. There ap-

peared in "The Times," a few days since, a magnificent article on this solemn event, which hope you will not fail to read.
Faithfully yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

For the National Era. HONOR VS. PRINCIPLE.

BY MARY IRVING

[CONCLUDED.] Henry had listened to this long harangue with eyes deliberately bent upon the landscape beyond, and countenance apparently impassive. Only about his lips played any tokens of attention or of emotion.

"Look at here! young Massa!" exclaimed the shrill voice of a matronly, kind-looking mulatto woman, whose check head-kerchief, starched and twisted into a pyramid, was thrust between the rose-vines at the further end of the bower. "What for you gwine to have madely and the starched and the starc keep my chile out a browning in dis yer sun, till her pretty white face black as her old maumer's? Go'long in de parlor, like qualiy folks. Missis Kurnel is a rummaging the

"That will do, Mammy," cried Augusta, laughing. "Here, come and speak to this gentleman, Mr. Lester."

and it's but a poor cretur I am, Mass'r, but I've kep' her, watchful, ever sen' that night, barrin' he two yearshe staid up Nor'ad. And please, Mass'r, when there's anybody takes to come arter my chile," she said, with a twinkle of her gleaming eyes, "they's boun' to bide old 'Tildy's ways all their 'varsal days. Bein' as I've raised her, I'll keep to her faithful, Mass'r, and to all that's her'n!"

The old creature's cheeks were washed with ears before she had finished, and a drop or two twinkled in Augusta's eyes, as she turned them very appealingly to Henry. They went together into the house, and met the family

it breakfast. Towards noon, Colonel Leroy made his ap pearance—a handsome, portly gentleman, as first a little critical and coolly civil toward his new guest. But long before the cloth was re-moved, he had thrown off his reserve, and was apparently in his element of frank hilarity. He sketched the political history and geography of the district for his guest, with the air of ne who is confident that what he has to say will be appreciated to its utmost extent.

here," said he, as he arose. "The masses are easily moved. If we had a little more generalship on the right side, the scale would turned for this district; and this district, once won and kept, would turn the State before

Thought was busy in Henry Lester's brain that night, revolving all that the day had brought to bear upon him, all that his past life had taught him. On one side—wealth, fame, worldly happiness, the wishes of one dearer than all these; on the other—years of toil in a new ard rough country, commencing in poverty, and ending—who should tell where? a mother and sister, possibly, to be thrown dependent upon his resources; his idol's dearest wishes and prejudices to be thrown aside—perhaps the loss of that idol, by the alienating fluences of voluntary delay, and contradiction of opinion. He weighed all these in the calm ly-poised balances of his reason; his heart was hardly calm enough. His head grew fevered, at last, under the heavy freight. He arose and lifted the crimson window-curtain. Beyond the garden the huts of the negroes gleamed in moonlight, like white tents in a forestclearing. He thought of the morning's conver-

"Can I load my soul with the awful, unde fined, and untransferable weight of responsi-bility, that hangs upon the owner of the soul tenanted bodies sleeping there?" asked he, of his conscience. "No! so help me God! will be free—if free only to toil and suffer and that too in a land of freemen!"

He returned to his pillow, and slept soundly Augusta's bright, hopeful eyes were more than clouded, the next day. She had been a petted child, and was a flattered belle. It was a new thing in her experience to ask a great favor, and meet a steady, serious denial—one, too, on which so much of her happiness de-pended; she had searcely believed that he who most valued that happiness, could refuse it. But she urged no more, and tried to keep within her own room the tears that would sometimes spring into her eyes, regardless of

Henry's presence.

Colonel Leroy gave a grand political dinner on the fourth day of his young guest's stay. Augusta's brow brightened at the first intimation of this, although she said nothing. She felt assured that, if Henry were once brought in close contact with the leading men of the vicinity, some important result would follow.

One of the guests at this gathering, the One of the guests at this gathering, the son of a neighboring planter by the name of Raby, had professed himself a violent admirer of the sister of his host. He was evidently very highly displeased to encounter so formidable a rival as the young gentleman whom accident—or a Power that rules accident—selected as his vis-a-vis at the table. His gray eye darted furtive gleams at Lester, that would surely have annihilated him if the will of their fulminator could have won its way. minator could have won its way. The wine flowed ffeely after the ladies had

The wine flowed freely after the ladies had retired from the dining-hall. A sneer from Raby, directed at Lester's abstinence from the intoxicating beverage, had already called a flashing glance to Augusta's eye. The grand theme of conversation, politics, was taken up in earnest. Raby was loud, violent, and declamatory in his tones, tossing off bumpers the caves, and by the various fine points of the champagne and port at a quaff, and gesticulating more and more fiercely in the direction of his opposite neighbor.

Lester was cautious; but at some plain and

ful grandeur of site and surroundings, is the ruined Castle of Dunluce, built on an insulated ding proofs to the contrary in a way that sorerock, an hundred feet above the sea, and sepa- ly tried the patience of his antagonist. At rated from the main land by a chasm twenty last his pertinacity became insulting. Lester coolly, but directly, contradicted the statement he had again and again proved false, and arose

into his opponent's face. "Upon my word, gentlemen!" exclaimed Colonel Leroy, starting from his seat, just as a smothered sound from the window drew all eyes towards Miss Manning, who stood upon the verandah, perfectly coterless, with eyes dilated passionately and fearfully. Lester met those eyes as he first raised his own: and their

intensity of vehemence did more to calm him than his own impulses, at the instant. The next moment she had vanished. "Shame! shame! the ladies!" cried half a dozen voices; and two or three rushed between the assailant and his foe-a very unnecessary proceeding, as Raby was contemptuously awaiting the effect of his insult, and Lester's perfeetly quiet attitude gave no token of a murderous intent. Colonel Leroy caught him by the shoulder, and hurried him off into anothe

apartment. Sad affair! hasty fellow! blood up-too much steam on there, I reckon!" ejaculated the host, hurriedly. "Owes you an apology, that's flat; will make it when he cools off!" And, with a polished smile, he went back to his disordered table.

In a short time he returned with another gentleman. "Harry," he said again, as he approached Henry, "the fellow is on his high-heeled shoes; but he is in earnest, and I don't see how the thing can be helped! The fact is—but this gentleman has his message. Mr. Ranney, Mr. Lester."

Mr. Ranney, a very young gentleman with very red moustache, went on to state that not only did Mr. Raby refuse an apology for his treatment, but considered himself yet unsatisfied for the provocation that had called it forth; and that he demanded a retraction of the offensive words, or "the satisfaction due to a gentleman." No retraction of the truth will be made

sir," returned Lester, sternly.
"Of course not, Mr. Lester; and so there is but one course left. I regret the imprudence of my friend; but it obliges me to leave this in your hands"—giving him a folded paper.

It was a challenge, of course. If Lester had wished to reply immediately, he had not the opportunity; for Colonel Leroy immediately arose, and, coming forward, asked leave to be his medium of communication with the other party at any moment Mr. Lester might deem fitting; and led his guest away, before Henry had fully comprehended the import of

ened him by her vehemence. Unable to speak, she pointed convulsively to the paper that had

heerfully, but in a tone of decision that calmed her-"Augusta, compose yourself! I am

ed her—"Augusta, compase y."
not in the danger you imagine!"
"This?" she whispered, in a choked tone of inquiry, catching it from the matting.
"I shall not fight, Augusta!" he said, firmly, She started, tore open the paper, glanced swiftly over it, and then turned her eye on him with a look that would have made anything but a clear conscience quail! Do not blame her too much; it is often the work of years to root out the fibres of false honor from the heart into which they have been woven by birth, instinct, and education; and Augusta was a

high-spirited girl of the South.

"What do you wish?" he asked, confronting her face, now pale with powerful, conflicting, but suppressed emotions.

"Will you bear an insult?" she ejaculated.
"Be calm, Augusta!" said he, in a soothing tone, moving toward her. But some passion too strong for control was uppermost in the poor girl's mind; and waving her hand, trembling in every fibre, to keep him from her. she

Henry sprang to his feet, and paced the room like a caged tiger. His first mad impulse was to give the misjudging girl the punishment of her own choice in the matter. He felt as though her own choice in the matter. He led a saily and willingly hold it out to be snapped in twain by the sword or the pistol-shot of his adversary.

"Please you, sir, the post office!" said the

"Please you, sir, the post office!" said the smirking porter, who suddenly walked in to intrude upon his solitude, with a letter. Henry caught it, glanced over its superscription, sat down, and pressed it to his burning forehead. A set of mystics tell us that autographs have magical power over the brain-communicating the influence of the writer's character immediately to the nerves of the forehead. exactly to the herves of the foreness. Not exactly on this principle, but by a more cir-cuitous route, did that hand-writing—his mother's—reach the highly-strung nerves of Henry Lester, as he sat by the table, and loosen them to safer tension, before he had broken the seal. He read the letters-there were twoslowly and carefully, twice. Then seizing a pen, he dashed off a brief note, folded, sealed, and directed it—not to Mr. Raby, but to Col. Leroy, despatched it by a servant, and walked

out into the garden.

It was near sunset. He bent his steps to
the jessamine bower. It was as he had hoped: Augusta was there, seated on the grass, Augusta was there, seated on the grass, her head bent upon one arm, which rested on the chair. She had been crying, but had ceased; she sat with pale, compressed lips, gazing fix-edly upon some imaginary phantom of destiny. She started painfully, as Henry spoke her name. He lifted her to the chair, and put the

letters into her almost passive hand.
"Will you read these?" said he, in

They were two plain—commonplace, per-haps—but tender letters from the mother and young sister of Henry, full of glad affection and proud hope. They touched the heart of Augusta, as he had hoped; and her tears fell thick and fast.
"Would you bid me peril their happiness

my life, my conscience, and the life of another for the insane words of a drunken man, Augusta? one whom I was about to say I despise; but contempt is not for any being whom God suffers yet to wear his image upon his earth. Contempt for his folly and madness I must feel!

Augusta.

"They may see it with their own eyes. m not responsible for distorted mediums only wish, Augusta, that you should clear from your eyes the mists of habit and education, and look upon the subject in the light of the eternity to which we are all hastening together. Not for my sake, but for yours, I ask it. If you will hear me. I will afterwards be brave enough—but only at your bidding—to leave your presence for life. Ask your own heart, whether that would be a proof of weakness or of courage!" he said, with deep emotion.

"I did not doubt your courage!" she whis-pered, reproachfully. "It was what the world would say—and my brother." "I have written my decision to your brother. He may act his own pleasure.'

She wept more bitterly. Lester looked at her a moment, then drawing her hands from her face, asked—"Is your regret for my safety "Oh no!" she eagerly breathed, "how can haughty man. He will tell me never to se "Is that such a terrible event !" asked Lester, with a calm smile. "You will be of age in two years!

Two years!" she repeated, with slow em-"Yes, Augusta, it will take me at least two

years to carve out a home for you in Iowa." The tears started again, but this time they fell more softly. "I had hoped, so much, that you would stay here!" she whispered.
"You see now that I cannot, and why I can-

not. Two years will soon pass on the wings of Love and Faith! Comfort yourself, Augusta; it is far better thus. You need a different mental atmosphere, to make you the woman you yet may be. You have had, and will yet have, enough to flatter you. I speak the truth !"

CHAPTER III.

It was a winter month when Henry Lester ext alighted at that gate on the river's bank. The sky was thickly lowering above; the ground was a sea of mud beneath. He tossed his soiled cloak into the carriage that had conveyed him thither, and, as no one appeared to open the gates, swung them apart himself, and walked hastily up the now leafless avenue. Everything bore tokens of neglect and con-A large bough had blown across the carriage track. He stooped to remove it, and passed on. Not a negro was visible; all around was silent, save for the creaking of the carriage-wheels through the softened clay.

As he unfastened the second gate, a mulatto woman came running from the piazza, whom he at once recognised as Ruby, minus the blue urban. She wore a look of distress, and did not recognise him until he asked, in an undertone, "How are they?"
"Lor', if 'taint Mass'r Less'r, his own self

Deary me, Mass'r, we's bad enough, and like

"How? Speak quick!"
"Mass'r Kurnel, he's jest layin' dead in his bed yonder, and Missis is in such a takin'! and the byleafs is up a ready, cotchin' his poor 'fenceless niggers and furnitur! Come along!" she exclaimed, pulling him by the arm. "They's got Mammy into the lot, an' Miss Gussie is ravin' abstracted!" "Lor' new-com

A summons from Augusta had been the cause of this hasty visit. Her brother, who had gambled deeply, and met with ruinous losses, had at last, in desperation, challenged

pired but the day previous.

Lester was guided by the sound of mingled voices, no less than by his conductress, to-ward the room that had been the late mas-purpose for Miss Gussie. ter's. As he approached the door, he saw that which fired him to sudden energy. Augusta stood in the passage, with her bared arm thrust before the latch of the door, which two men, in the guise of bailiffs, were trying in vain to pass. "But I have the writ!" one harsh voice was

exclaiming.
"You shall not step into the room where my

The sentence was cut off by the grasp of a strong hand, and in an instant he was hurled, spinning round and round, like a top, to the end of the passage-way, where he fell, with a dull sound, against the oaken panels. He picked hinsself up, and shaking his stubby locks, muttered something about "insulting officers of the law!" but finding his companion completely cowed, and not desiring to venture

again within the sweep of that ireful arm, he prudently and sulkily beat a retreat. Augusta had dropped upon the arm of Les-ter, without a word. The supernatural strength of nerve that had blazed a moment before, was suddenly extinguished. She trembled in every limb. Henry drew her, without resistance within the door she had so successfully barred. The room was hung in black, and the heavy curtains that veiled the windows gave scarcely a ray of Heaven's light admission. But by the few beams which fell through the open door, Henry distinguished the outline of that saddest sight on earth-a human form without the human soul. Beside it sat a woman, with face buried in her arms, and long hair sweeping, neglected, over her shoulders. She gave

one upward glance as they entered, and then sunk back into her former posture-a widowed Henry was about to turn from the room at this sight, when the curtains of the high bed parted, and a dark figure crept toward them,

at first stealthily, then swiftly, with upraised "Lord up in heaven bless ye!" sobbed Mam my, for it was she. "My chile! my chile oh! what I'se done, for to live to see dis yer

awful day?" "Come out, Mammy," whispered Augusta the officers have gone."
"I'll be beat if I knowed it was Mass Less'r!" exclaimed the nurse, in an eestacy of delight, catching the gentleman by the arm, as soon as the light fell on his features. "Lor

now, Mass'r, if you isn't one of the born angels I'se hearn Miss Gussie read of, sent to liver dis poor sinful cretur out of de mouth ob de lions and de ossifers!"

Leaving Mammy with tear-streaming ch Henry led Augusta into the parlor. She broke

the silence by a passionate exclamation.

"Oh! my poor, poor brother! if he had but followed your example!" She wept bitterly, and grew more calm. Henry gradually led her to a statement of the whole affair, and of the condition into which Col. Leroy's debts and

death had thrown the family.

Col. Leroy had been a reckless gambler With his dying lips he had told the sister who With his dying lips he had told the sister who had hung over him night and day how grievously he had wronged her, by staking, in a desperate moment, the greater part of her patrimony, after he had exhausted his own.

"He told me," said Augusta, trying to clear her voice, "that my servants were free from encumbrance, and that the sale of them would

clear the homestead; but nothing else would be left to me, except the family plate. It seems that Mammy has been drawn into the writ, by some mistake or some fraud. I cannot let her go! I must part with a portion of the plate-

or with my own jewelry.

"Do you intend to let any of them go?"

"Poor things! I would not if I could help it.
But what can I do? Where can they go? I cannot keep the homestead and the servants too; then, the plantation has gone." Do you hesitate which to give up?"

"I don't, for my life, Henry, see what they "Why, what have they lived upon, hither "The land, to be sure," said Augusta, look

ing mystified. prairies of lows, where they may live free and comfortable lives, far enough from any who would 'molest or make them afraid?' "I see what you would have me do," said she, very thoughtfully after a pause. "But

the plate: I think the service is a heavy one !"
"Yes," said Augusta, in a wondering tone.
"Then the sale of that will be amply suffi-

for the moment flashing.

crimson torrent over her cheeks and forehead, and weighed down the long lashes for many

from the fate of those whom her poor brother had left without a human helper.

Henry's summary ejection of the officers

in the long brick kitchen. Ruby described the cene, with much gesticulation, and sundry exaggerations, ending with expressing her convic-tion that there never was such "a powerful, onarthly spirit in a live body as in that there Mass'r Less'r s."

"Umph!" grunted old Bill, her "henpecked" spouse, who sat smoking a stump of a pipe in the corner. I'll be boun if you didn't say he hadn't the spunk of an alligator, time agone, when he wouldn't show fire to Mass' Raby!"
"Well, ole man, what ails ye? Hasn't you
ever hearn tell o' folks growin' bigger and
larnin' wiser? Now, than's Mass'r Less'r, he grows bigger and larns spunk; and here's I, grows bigger an' larns de prechiation of it!"

No more can't bat's eyes see i' th' daylight! You go 'long, buy 'backer!"

"Oh you! Your Miss Gussie to hum to-day! This query was shouted by the lips of a stout negro woman, straight as a forest pine, who, with a bushel basket upon her head, and a smaller one upon her arm, had just alighted from a rude wagon at the back door of a neat

dwelling-house in one of our Western cities.

The Irish girl addressed seemed quite at a loss, and stood stroking her carroty locks with the stupid exclamation, "Anan! what wad ye be afther, then?" when a third personage, in any institution desiring them with specimens a white pyramidal turban, came to the aid of of fossils deposited in marl beds about that sta-

"Lor' save us?" exclaimed Mammy, the new-comer, as she ran down the steps, "who'd a' 'spected to see you, dis yer time o' day! is open for using the agencies of war for pro-What's you got for th' missis dis time, old moting the blessings of peace—preparing the

Ruby?"
"Wal," I haint raised a heap o' 'taters, but and fought Major Raby, his successful opponent in the political field and at the gaming-table. He had received a mortal wound, under which he had lingered a month, and exight late in the season for it. That's twelve I'se fotch ye a basket o' mighty fine uns," she said, nodding her head to display them. "Here's span o' pigins, out 'n the cart yonder, what my old man snapped up—and a beauty bunch o' ross'n ears as ever growed on corn-stalks, a' the benefit of American citizens, and as the

"Come along in, ole 'ooman, and see de folks! "Sure I am. How's th' Miss Gussie and the

"Right smart," replied Mammy, with an air of pride, as she walked off to summon her mistress.

Augusta Lester came tripping into the airy kitchen, in her morning dress of white—the she was so little changed from the girl, that mines and other natural resources, su continuing to address her as "Miss Gussie."
"Is it you, my good Ruby?" she exclaimed, shaking the hard old hand very cordially. "How have you been?—and Bill, and Nanc and all the rest? Why, there is Sophy, out the cart! Why doesn't she come in?"

"She's a keepin' of the beast," explained Aunt Ruby. "I fotched myself airly, so she might get back to her schoolin' dis evening. She's gettin' to be right smart of a scholar in She's gettin' to be right smart of a scholar in mechanism, is now commanding so much at de Testament and spelling-book. It's good as tention over the civilized globe as to present to

dis yer larnin's a mighty fine thing! "You may be very thankful that she has the privilege, Aunt Ruby; it is not given in many "Sure, wouldn't I go down on my knees to that blessed young missy? But it's all of your doin', Miss Gussie, a pervidin' for your poor

"Well, well," interrupted Mrs. Lester.

must let me pay you for these."
"Not a picayune wad I put my finger to!"
exclaimed the woman, stoutly, drawing herself up. "Long as ole Ruby's got corn to make a hoe-cake, she'll 'vide wid the missis that's kep' her out o' that yer cursed mass'r's clutches! If ever I gets to Heaven, Miss Gussie, I'll down on my knees, and tell the Lord all about it, an he'll give you the biggest crown o' stars up in the sky—so he will !??
Ruby's quivering voice was stopped by the

entrance of a little fellow in long clothes, escorted by Mammy, who gave a merry crow and jump toward his mother.

"Lord-a-massy!" drawled out Ruby, in excess of delight. "If I aint beat all to noffin'!

Bless his purty eyes! they's his fader's before "Faith, and it's his teenty-taunty bit of a paw that's the mither's own, for shure!

served the Irish cook, who had again drawn

" Pan / Was ever the impertinacio exclaimed Mammy, scornfully, as she kissed the insulted little tapering digits. A brisk, heavy step sounded along the hall, and Henry Lester—Judge Lester, to give him his

newly-won honors—was welcomed by the group. His was the proud and happy face that should bend over such a wife and child.

bend over such a wife and child.

"How are you getting along in the back-woods?" he inquired of Ruby.

"Fuss rate, and thank ye, Mass'r. Bill and Jesse has jined hands to put up a timber frame.

He clared a space for wheat, las' year, ye know, an' it's a tall crop. We makes on garden sauce, and eggs, and chickens, mos'ly always, when we goes marketing." we goes marketing."

"And do you ever wish yourself back on the

She shrugged her shoulders, and held her head shrewdly on one side. "Wal, Mass'r, you know ever' body sets up for whar they was raised. 'Twas a mighty nice place, fit for a king; and Miss Gussie was so good, we never thought o' quittin'. But now I's larnt wiser, I reckon I wouldn't go back;

no, not if 'twas with you and the missis, and that thar blessed baby!" Judge Lester laughed—a gay, but significant laugh—as he caught up his little Harry, and putting his arm about his wife, drew both from the kitchen, with the echoes of well-earned blessings in their ears

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CHASE

The venerable PHILANDER CHASE died at his residence, in the State of Illinois, on Mon day, the 20th inst., from the effect of an injury received some time since by a fall from his car-riage. The deceased was Bishop of the Prot-estant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Il-linois, and senior Bishop of that church in the United States. Bishop Chase was born at Cornish, N. H.

December 14, 1775, and received his academic education at Dartmouth College, at which inshe, very thoughtfully after a pause. But there is an insurmountable objection—the expense of transporting and settling them there."

"Land is cheap enough, there, to come within the limit even of your resources, if you are in the limit even of your resources, if you are bors in different parts of the State of New York. himself with characteristic zeal to the estab-"Yes," said Augusta, in a wondering tone.

"Then the sale of that will be amply sufficient to surround them with the necessaries of life, in the country to which you are going. You have told me, and I have seen, how they love you—you have tried to do your duty by them, and have raised them far above the condition of chattels. My dear girl, can you hesitate to save them from the hands of a stern and vindictive master—one who has proved himself destitute of all manly, even of all human feeling?"

almost involuntarily, darting upon him a look himself with unabated zeal to the interests of in which all the old pride of the heiress was education in the West, he succeeded in estab lishing another seat of learning, called Jubilee "Dear Augusta, will you let me provide for yourself?" he asked, with a glance that sent a crimson torrent over her cheeks and forehead.

"Dear Augusta, will you let me provide for yourself?" he asked, with a glance that sent a utobiography of Bishop Chase, published a few years since, is a collection of curious reminiscenses, and throws a rich light not only on Iney talked until the day waned into evening; and when they arose, to go and look again upon "the face of the dead." Augusta had resolved to rescue her servants, at any sacrifice, from the fate of those whom her any sacrifice. without a vein of eccentricity, he was remarkable for his high integrity of purpose, his fer-vent piety, and the disinterested ardor with was meanwhile the theme of active discussion | which he devoted his powers to the service of his fellow-men. By his decease, the Right Rev. Dr. Brownell becomes the senior Bishop of the Episcopal church in America.

New York Tribune

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 15. BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK

The "Naval Lyceum," at Brooklyn, New York, is a scientific collection—large, rich, and beautiful—made by the officers of our navy. A bequest of minerals and other specimens made to the institution by the "IMPERIAL LY CEUM" in St. Petersburg, Russia, is conspicugrows bigger an' larns de prechiation of it:
"Don't see as he's growed right smart of a heap, nor you nother," observed the other, sully increasing collections in all our seaports, and ly increasing collections in all our seaports, and ous in the collection. The plan, so well comin every village upon the banks of our lakes and our rivers. Such collections, combining the products of our own and of foreign countries, by exchanges, would soon be extended to ham lets, schools, and families, throughout our entire country-a reciprocation enlightened, pa

> With floating batteries upon the sea, milita ry stations upon land would gladly come into joint action for the diffusion of knowledge interesting to every American citizen. Colonel Nauman, late commandant at Fort Washington, cheerfully and gladly offered to furnis tion in interesting varieties and inexhaustible quantities, the under officers and soldiers heart way for beating swords into ploughshares.

Among Government functionaries, most ready and able to scatter the seeds of science proposed duty will be entirely acceptable to the consuls themselves, the time cannot be distant when that class of public functionaries will con-tribute largely to the diffusion of knowledge. The Government functionaries of foreign

ountries residing in our own uniformly manifest a hearty interest in scientific reciprocations between nations. A specimen of such interest may be seen in the remarks of a foreign minister from a country of mines. Said he : "The The door opened from the parlor as Colonel Leroy walked out from the one opposite. In a moment Augusta had nearly dropped into the round a moment Augusta had nearly dropped into the round a moment Augusta had nearly dropped into the round a moment Augusta had nearly dropped into the round a moment Augusta had nearly dropped into the round a moment Augusta had nearly dropped into the round there checks had fallen a little from the round progress is, in my opinion, calculated to promote an enlightened and pacific intercourse most of sixteen, and the light in her very embodiment of a happy, loving spirit. Her checks had fallen a little from the round progress is, in my opinion, calculated to promote an enlightened and pacific intercourse among nations. In my own country, rich in the round from the parlor as Colonel brother's body lies!" exclasses 'now in progress is, in my opinion, calculated to promote an enlightened and pacific intercourse among nations. In my own country, rich in the round from the round from the round from the round and pacific intercourse among nations. In my own country, rich in the round from greatly to the benefit of all concerned. It is especially fitted for scientific and literary institutions, and could hardly fail to elevate their character and extend their usefulness. I shall therefore, earnestly recommend it to institutions and individuals, as eminently fitted to benefit themselves by extending their benefits to others."

The universal spread of productive science, specially the elements of agriculture and all individuals holding public stations, from the highest to the lowest, opportunities and induce ments to use the relations and the influence of office for giving durability and perpetuity to the foundation of office, of institutions, and of all the blessings of civil society -sound known

PENNSYLVANIA.

A public meeting of the Free Democracy was held in the Court-house, Chester, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, on Saturday evening, October 2d, when it was fully demonstrated that when the People are properly appealed to they will not be false to the great cause man Liberity.

Mr. G. Washington Dixon, of Upland, pre

sided as Chairman; and Mr. John Wild, of Upland, and Mr. John Shedden, of Philadel-

phia, addressed the meeting in soul-stirring speeches, that thrilled the large audience present with an electric love of freedom. It was a glorious rally; and it was indeed amusing to ee with what surprise the Hunker leaders of both parties stood and gazed on the proceedings, afraid lest "Othello's occupation was gone." A most severe and withering castiga-tion was given by Mr. Wild to the Democratic party, for its deviation and present hostility to the great cause of human freedom. Such an exposé has never been made before in Chester, expose has never been made before in Chester, and he concluded his speech by proving most conclusively that the Free Democratic party could justly claim to be the True Democratic party of the Union. The speech of Mr. Shedden is beyond description. To be appreciated, it must be heard. For one hour and a half he held forth in a stein of particular electrons. held forth in a strain of masterly eloquence seldom ever heard in Chester. It was a speech that will not soon be forgotten by the workingmen. The great question of Land Reform takes well with the masses; and Mr. Shedden, its able and powerful advocate, it is evident understands it, in all its bearings. It was his first visit to Chester; but it is necessary that, inst visit to Chester; but it is necessary that, in the cause of justice and freedom, it should not be the last one. It is understood that a county meeting of Free Soil delegates will be held in Media, in this county, on Thursday, October 14th, to effect a thorough organization and prepare for an agitation, despite the Baltimore edicts, that shall show a mistake was made by the Hunker parties when they concluded that the gagging resolutions would either be obeyed or receive the sanction of the either be obeyed or receive the sanction of the people. This is but the beginning. The end has yet to come, and may it be a glorious one. Our war-cry ought to be, Onward; and we should not and must not halt until victory perches on our standard.

WOODBURY, N. J., Oct. 5, 1852. To the Editor of the National Era:

Will you please call the attention of the Free Democracy of New Jersey, through your paper to a few facts?

1st. The election of Presidential Electors

Congressmen, and members of the State Legis lature, takes place in New Jersey on the same day, and that day is just four weeks from this, (Tuesday, the 5th of October.)

2d. That, so far, there has been no selection of an electoral ticket for Hale and Julian in

that State, though it is well known that a disgusted with their platforms, and not very proud of their Presidential candidates.

3d. The law in New Jersey requires the vote to be by a single ballot; and consequently the names of Electors, Congressmen, and State

names of Electors, Congressmen, and State Legislators, must be all on a single piece of paper; and hence tickets cannot be distributed in this State, as you propose to distribute them in Pennsylvania, though that is now about the only way in which the thing can be done. Perhaps electoral tickets could be pasted over other names, if carefully done.

4th. If no other notice is given, let it be understood that a meeting of Free Soil men will be held at Trenton, to select an electoral ticket for Hale and Julian, on some day (say Saturday, 16th of October, 2 o'clock) about the mid-

derful lagends" of St. Kevin, the famous Irish After the Causeway, the object of most ro- young man, he was thrown off his guard, and lagends are lagends and lagends and lagends and lagends and lagends are lagends and lagends and lagends and lagends are lage